

In FOND

REMEMBRANCE



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ROSE LAWN,
Homestead of Worthington B. Williams, erected 1846.

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE

Of

THE OLD HOME

"ROSE LAWN"

PUTNAM COUNTY, INDIANA

By

A. GERTRUDE W. WILLIAMSON

INDIANAPOLIS

THE HOLLENBECK PRESS

1899

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Impressions

Be not discouraged.

Do ye the will of the Lord.

Hearken not to the teachings of the world.

Take the Bible for your guide and closely follow
its precepts, for contained therein are many
bright threads of gold.

Not as thy days are many, but as ye live, will ye
be received of God.

What is life without the Savior?

As the world with but dust for the foundation
the wind scattereth it and the world is not,
so he who knows not God in this life, is not
known of God in the life to come.

You can not drink water through a mirror—
neither can you go to heaven through a
telescope.

Days of Yore

Now that such things are no more,
I long to see, as in days of yore,
The old-time coach, with horses four,
Morning and eve, roll by the door,
While trotting behind was the good canine,
Faithful "Tige," of the Red stage line.
In "Buena Vista" and "Cerro Gordo" by name,
The U. S. mail daily went and came ;
For the National Road, so known to fame,
And the village street, are one and the same.
As rolled the day, eve and morn,
The clear loud notes of the bugle-horn,
O'er hill and dale, would sound the approach
Of welcome mail, in the coming coach.
Far up the road, just in sight,
Lines in the hands of good Mace Wright,
The beauties are prancing at their best,
At "Eagle Hotel" they know there's rest—
For a time at least—and "man and beast"
Will there enjoy a first-class feast.
Aqua-pure from the public spring,
More pleasing than notes of birds that sing,
Ripples and drips from moss-grown trough ;
They drink, feast, and again are off.



CORNER BRICK,
Putnamville.

On this main street of Putnamville,
Years ago stood, and is standing still,
A corner brick, with shutters green
That opened as soon as light was seen,
Peeping in, here and there,
To say that the dark had gone elsewhere—
On the other side of the map mayhap,
To there enjoy a much needed nap,
Having been out the night before,
Leaving as daylight approached the door.

Two rooms above, four below,
Each nook and corner, I well know ;
Ample room and some to spare
For relatives and friends, stopping there.
Queen of the throne was the fair young mother ;
Home-ties her jewels, she craved no other.
Upon her head a priceless crown
Of silken hair, soft and brown,
That waved and curled about the face,
A living picture, of beauty and grace.
Early in years found her wife
Of her heart's hero, dearer than life.

Two years later a little one came
To share with them their home and name—
A bouncing, laughing baby boy,
The happy father's pride and joy.

At three—in velvet, ruffles and lace,
A princely element, in a foreign place.

Next ushered into the busy whirl
Was a fair-haired, dainty baby girl,
With eyes as blue as summer skies.
She gazed about in mute surprise
Wondering if this could be the earth,
Where little ones are left, at time of birth,
To gladden and brighten the homes of men
Whose lives too long have cheerless been ;
Then chucks her little fist under her nose
And nestles down to sweet repose.

Winter's snows and summer's dust
Had come and gone, as seasons must.
Time had smoothly and brightly flown,
When another such event was known.
May nineteenth—second daughter, third child,
Of the saint-like mother, sweet and mild.
Hair darkest brown, eyes true blue,
She does as other babies do :
Opens her mouth, gives one cry,
Looks around and wonders w-h-y.
If power of speech possessed, would say,
With baby accent in modest way :
“ Kind nurse, I will explain to you
Why a girl is here—when a boy is due.

I came in search of little sister ;
All the time have sadly missed her,
Since in Baby-land she left me
In this strange wide world to be.
If agreeable, would like to stay
And with little sister play.

The wheels of Time—as now—flew fast,
One year and six months had past.
In little red crib lies a new face;
Baby-boy sleeps in girlie's place.
On stork's back, 'tis said by some,
Into this world the little ones come.
I do not know, it may be so;
But when do they come, and where do they go?
In Baby-land, I know, babies grow
From beautiful lilies as white as snow.
In the dewy morn the flowers unfold,
In rays of light, and glory untold,
And by Our Father kind, in heaven,
To each little form a soul is given.
The pretty, charming, loving eyes
Are rarest gems from Paradise,
In the twinkling light of bright stars set,
That glisten like sunshine with dewdrops wet.

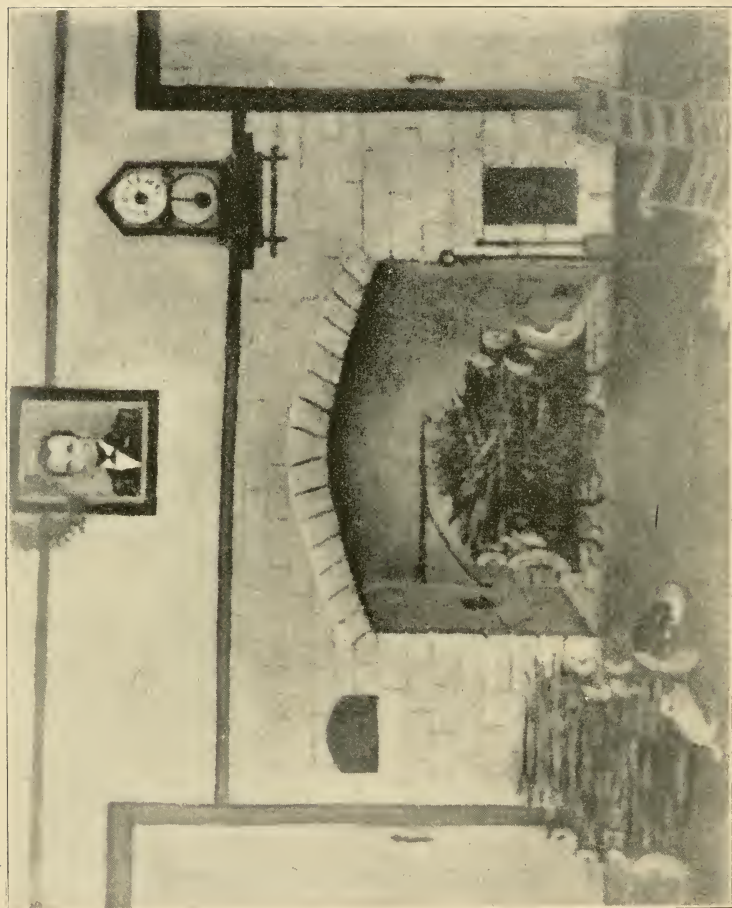
There came a time, one fair spring day,
When birds and birdlings flew away

From the corner-nest—went in quest
Of fields Elysian, with fragrance blest—
Father, mother and each little child
To the new bright home in forest wild,
Passing rippling brooklets fair,
Whose murmuring waters fill the air
With harmony enchanting,
In each heart sweet peace implanting;
While the rosy tint of morning sky
Reflected in placid waters lie ;
Flowers bloom along the way,
Sad-eyed violets, and dandelions gay.
From rocks 'neath hills akin to mountains
Gush forth pure sparkling fountains ;
One quaff would the wine-chained brain set free,
And master the slave prove to be.
O'er fern-fringed road, newly made,
Through green, mossy, woody glade,
A watchful child in the carriage stands
With little eager out-stretched hands
As the wheels roll, catches green leaf
Quick in motion, for time is brief.
While the knight of the reins—kind Father
Glover—
Is alarmed at etching, on new carriage cover,
Artistic effort, of masterly branch
To display talent, at one quick lanch.

The woodmen's chorus, sweet and clear,
Softly falls on listening ear;
The ax has a good soprano ring,
While the heavy mauls to bass notes cling.
The iron wedge gives alto fair,
And sweetest music fills the air.
Charming symphony, light and gay,
Echoing through forest, day by day;
The low, sad strain, now and then heard
As soft as the sigh of wounded bird,
Is the dying plea of fallen trees
To the hearts of men—borne by the breeze
When grief is found, in this peaceful spot
Tell me—in this world—where it is not?
Redbud and dogwood, in clusters lie,
Beautiful blossoms on clear blue sky.
A perfect picture, by nature's brush bold,
More lovely than any of masters of old.
Out of shady woodland move the wheels along,
Beauties stepping lightly to time of wild birds'
 song ;
Many of brightest plumage, lowly soaring over
Green fields of waving grain and red, nodding
 clover.

Far up on the highland stands a cottage neat,
Awaiting the coming and patter of little feet.

Thitherward slowly the carriage winds its way;
Little ones grow restless, eager now for play,
Are counting the moments that lie between
Them, and the new house on hilltop green.
Fair young mother, loving, kind and patient,
Ever on their happiness intent,
Gently speaks, "Yes, children, dear,
This is 'home,' we draw quite near.
Father kind, who has gone before,
We now see standing in the door;
Not very long will have to wait
There; he meets us at the gate.
Now, my birdlings, raise your wings—
How fondly baby to papa clings."
Out they fly, one and all,
Into the new house, through the hall
In rooms below, up long stair,
Here, there and everywhere.
Then over grassy lawn they roam,
Delighted all, with "Home, Sweet Home."



FIRE-PLACE,
In dining-room at Rose Lawn.

Christmas at the Old Home

(Near Putnamville, Ind.)

Christmas now is not the same
As in days gone by,
When as a child I watched the flame
In the old fire-place climb high.
A few whiffs of the green bellows' blowing
Made coals all red and bright ;
Dry poplar splints set hickory logs glowing,
Popping and snapping with might.

Over carpet clean, and cheerful room,
At times the sparks would fly,
How we jumped to get the broom !
Then again, watch them die ;
More often would scamper about,
Setting foot on them at sight,
To be the first to put the spark out
Was exultant childish delight.

On red hearth, side by side,
Stood small rocker and large arm-chair ;
About the chimney tall and wide,
Little stockings hung here and there.

In the early hours of Christmas Eve,
 'Twas the rule at Rose Lawn,
 To say good-night and take your leave,
 And be up before the dawn.

Then to our room by mother led,
 Up the long, steep stairs,
 "Bow heads and kneeling by your bed
 Now dear ones, say your prayers."
 Her gentle voice so kindly sweet
 Would from our lives all sorrow sweep,
 And with us kneeling would repeat
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And while snugly tucking us in
 Would the beautiful story renew,
 Of the birth of our Savior who knew no sin,
 Whose life was so pure and true ;
 How in a manger he was born
 Many long years ago,
 On a calm and peaceful morn—
 The story you all well know.

Shepherds tending their flocks by night,
 By them in the East was seen
 A new star all radiant bright ;
 Then left they pastures green,

And sweet incense with them bring,
And of many inquire,
Where is He, of the Jews, born King?
To worship Him we desire.

They followed the star that went before
O'er Judea's peaceful hill,
Till at Bethlehem's sacred door
Over the manger stood still.
In the arms of the Virgin Mary, found,
With reverence they bowed and knelt,
Spreading incense on the ground,
In their hearts great joy was felt.

And this birth, with gifts, to remember
Thus early we are taught,
The twenty-fifth of each December,
And thankful for blessings wrought.
A kiss, be good, now find sweet sleep,
And dear mamma mind,
Do not at old Santa peep,
And a pleasant surprise you'll find.

Then down the stairs she softly goes,
While I lie there and think
Of the dear Christ-child, and eyes close
But can not sleep a wink.

Then quickly wide open they fly,
And the big round moon, in the far-off sky
Looks in at my window—with curtain drawn high,
And very still and wondering I lie,

While the little one, in room below,
Is gently rocked to and fro
In her cozy nest, soothed to rest
By that sweet lullaby of long ago:
“Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.”

On my ear these sweet words fell,
Weaving about me a mystic spell,
And soon in Morpheus' arms I lay,
Dreaming of Santa and Christmas day,—
Of lovely dolls and pretty toys,
For well-behaved little girls and boys.
How long the time I can not tell,
But the note that awakened was like a bell,
And a better clock would not desire
Than that white-feathered old time crier.
The hour was four, well we knew,
And quickly on clothing threw,
Trying to be quiet, falling over chairs,
Blindly feeling our way down stairs,

Softly, gently, the door latch lift,
 Calling Pa and Ma, Christmas gift !
 Father from some hidden place would call,
 " Merry Christmas to one and all !
 Girls and boys, great and small.
 Your faces wash, smooth your hair,
 Mother and father will soon be there ;
 Quiet be, for sister's sake,
 Still in the crib, not yet awake."'
 Obedient, surely we mean to be,
 But when Old Santa's work we see
 All are wild with childish glee.
 To get all in stocking he was not able,
 So at the plates upon the table
 Were many presents, each with label;
 Stockings filled and well heaped,
 Out of one a "jumping jack" peeped ;
 A bright tin trumpet for little brother,
 French harp and ball in another.
 To name each present is not my intention,
 The half am sure I could not mention.
 Candies and doll, with little red hood,
 Fruit, nuts and cakes so good;
 Apples full of autumn sunshine,
 A pocket-knife and fishing-line ;
 Toy dogs and little kittens,
 Pretty wool scarfs and bright red mittens ;

14 Christmas at the Old Home

Useful presents for young and old,
For weather warm and weather cold.
Talking and laughing till break of day,
Now comes play, I hear sister say—
Let's try our mittens, and away we go
Out of the door, and do you know
There found the ground all covered with snow !
Cedar and pine, beautiful sight !
Bending low, in robes of white.
With shovel and broom a walk we'll make,
Then the swept up snow will take
And form a man, with great broad face ;
In his mouth an apple place.
Oh, have a pipe ! said wee brother,
I would not do that, gently spoke mother ;
Who from the door had heard our plan,
Of making a big round snow man.
I do not think that would be nice
Even in a mouth of ice ;
And a man so white and pure
Could not like a pipe, I'm sure.
Not so nice, said brother, only fun,
Majority rules, 'twill not be done.
Oh, sisters, hearken, what is the sound ?
See the snow flying from the ground !
'Tis " Uncle Billy " with the sled,
And on it is the wagon bed.

The jingle of bells fills the air,
 And the snap of frost is everywhere.
 No kindred of ours, well we know,
 "Uncle" because we call him so.
 A general favorite, good and kind,
 A nature more jolly you seldom find.
 Honest and cheery, of Hibernian race,
 A trusted tenant on father's place,
 Who in this way, his rent to pay,
 Did odd chores and worked by day.
 Where going, "Uncle Billy," can we ride?
 Yes, little "Tody," climb up by my side.
 Whoa there, Charley! steady there, steady!
 Pile in the rest, now, all ready.
 By-by, Mother, we'll not go far,
 Please tell Father where we are.
 "Good-bye, little ones, come home soon,
 The plump fat turkey will be done by noon;
 Take good care of them, Uncle Billy,
 Keep well wrapped, the day is chilly."
 Off we are and away we glide,
 The beauties of nature on every side.
 What a marvelous, picturesque sight!
 How glistens the snow in bright sunlight;
 How it creaks as the horses step high,
 Trees and fences are flying by.

Laughing and talking in a joyous way,
How happy our hearts this Christmas day.
The horses now have turned around,
Heads towards home, how they bound !
Prancing and dancing over the ground,
Drawing the sled up hill and down,
Now through the lane, and at the stile,
Uncle Billy looks round with kindly smile.
“ Climb out now, one and all,
Careful there, or you may fall.
Run in and warm, fast as you can,
Then come finish your great snow man.”
Thank you “ Uncle,” for much pleasure,
Come in to the fire, if you have leisure.
See ! Pa is coming out here, too !
And in cheerful voice is calling to you :
“ Merry Christmas ! my good man,
Come to the house if you can ;
Put the beauties in the stall,
There’s corn and hay plenty for all.
Make as comfortable as you know how,
Blanket well, and now
Would like with us to have you eat,
A well-baked turkey is very choice meat.”
“ Thanks, kind sir, ’tis quite nice,
But just now I’ll have a slice

Of Peggy's goose, plump and brown,
 With pies and cakes, by your wife sent down.
 So across the meadow I will go
 To the snug little log house below,
 Where wife will gladly welcome me,
 And ' Pappy ' and children will happy be ;
 So good day, with bow profound,
 Health and happiness all the year round.''
 Then sled and ponies fly over the snow,
 And into our own loved home we go
 To a feast, prepared by mother's hand,
 Not one more sumptuous in the land.
 Cooked and seasoned to the taste of a king,
 And bountifully served is everything.
 Her cheeks glow with roseate hue ;
 A more beautiful face I never knew !
 Dreamy eyes of azure blue,
 A nature pure, kind and true,
 That near to her all hearts drew.
 Now dinner over, and work all done,
 With joy and mirth from sun to sun,
 Dear mother sits and lulls to rest
 The sweet babe in its downy nest.
 While little ones all about her swarm
 On the wide hearth, bright and warm,
 Well pleased with books and toys,
 Santa and all Christmas joys.

18 Christmas at the Old Home

Father in the great arm chair
Reads aloud, to mother and all.

Quiet reigns, naught else we hear
Save the tick of clock and cricket's call.

The faces now are not the same

As in days of yore ;

There now remains but one of the name

Within the old home door.

Parents, sister and brothers two,

Have gone to the home far away,

To the beautiful land "beyond the blue;"

How sadly we miss them to-day.

All to manhood and womanhood grown,

Are scattered, east and west,

Each in pleasant homes of their own,

But the old home is the one loved best ;

Not only at Yule tide, but all the year round

Is home the dearest spot ;

There are our most loved treasures found,

Though humble be our lot.

The dear loved home, among the pines,

That murmur so soft and low,

Blooming rose and climbing vines,

And daisies, as white as snow.

Sweet scented lilac, the pride of the lawn,
 Flowering almond in clusters grew,
And lovely violets, in the early dawn,
 All sparkling bright with dew.

Every tree and plant on the place .
 In meadow and forest wild,
In memory, as a dear loved face,
 Lives still, as when a child.
There is a place above the blue,
 Just where, I dinna ken—
Where loving hearts and kindred true,
 Are sure to meet again.

Rambling Thoughts

'Tis evening's hour, calm and still,
Save the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will,
And breeze floating in at the open door,
Scattering leaves across the floor
Of the long, south porch, where near by stand
Locust trees, planted by a dear loved hand.
That of our Father, now grown old,
When his years numbered less than mine, I am
told.

Cheerfully it sweeps through every room,
Driving away unwelcome gloom;
Reaching the bed of an invalid mother,
Kissing her once, twice, then another,
It passes on to a baby brother.
Lifting a curl from his snowy brow
Whispers, " Couldst thou ever remain as now,
A happy child, innocent and fair,
Beloved by all, unknown to care."
The child half turns and smiles in sleep,
And opening his eyes, begins to weep
For angels bright, who held his hand,
And wandered with him in dreamy land;
How well for thee, dear little one,
The veil of the future can not be drawn.

Knowing not of coming sorrow,
 Thou fearest not the coming morrow;
 Then dream thou on of angels bright,
 Of crowns of gold, and realms of light.
 Out of the window the breeze is gone,
 Leaving me dreaming at Rose Lawn
 Of happy days, of sunny childhood,
 Of meadows green and tangled wild wood,
 Where the lonely, shady nook
 Was wooed and won by the babbling brook;
 Where wise little ferns so quietly growing,
 Would lift their heads and look so knowing,
 And by their very manner meant,
 As soon as asked, to give consent.
 Where trailing vine and mossy stone
 Would sometimes meet to chat alone
 At eve when the sun had sunk to rest,
 And the mother bird had sought her nest;
 When all nature, sparkling with dew,
 In the lovely starlight more beautiful grew,
 Whispered the stone to the little vine,
 "Darling, can I call thee mine?"
 Like all of his sex, which seems amusing,
 Never once did think of the fair one refusing.
 But gaily her little head she shook,
 And said with a haughty, saucy look,

“The owl does not mate with the dove,
Nor can the vine with the stone, my love.”
With broken heart and throbbing head,
He vows none other will he wed;
But true to the nature of mankind,
A few days after, changing his mind,
Took to himself one of his kind.
The vine to a grand oak fondly clinging,
In a voice low and sweet is constantly singing;
Happy are they who in harmony dwell,
Around them weave thy magic spell.
Oh, God of happiness, that ever thus
May be their lives of perfect trust;
Better the owl mated to the dove
Than to one of its kind it does not love.
Near by is school-house “Number seven,”
Which seemed almost a little heaven;
Rows of benches, with each little face,
Day after day found in its place.
Eyes of gray, brown and blue,
Dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,
Locks of gold, brown and red,
Much of these little ones might be said.
Natures as different as night from day,
Kind angel, for the teacher pave the way.
Classes taught from A B C up to ancient history,
Dear are all these scenes to me,
And fast in heart will ever be.

Now leave them for one dearer still,
 Across the way, up on the hill
 Where dew drops glisten in morning sunlight,
 Like many tears shed at night,
 By stars, rosebuds, and waving pine,
 Lilies, myrtle, and cypress vine.
 That one so fair, so loved, should die,
 And 'neath the grassy mound must lie,
 While loving hearts are left to mourn
 And bear a grief, that *must* be borne
 Till God in mercy calls his own,
 To meet with Him around the throne
 Loved ones gone before.
 Oh ! childhood's sad, yet happy home,
 Though far away from thee we roam,
 Thou art ever present, first and last,
 In memory, in heart, where'er our lot be cast,
 On land or sea,
 " Home, sweet home," there's no place like thee.
 Father, mother, sister, brother, all so dear,
 The little mound, now brown and sear,
 Every tree, rock and rill,
 Every note of the whip-poor-will,
 The school-house, orchard and deep old well,
 Locust, cedar and plantation bell,
 Every object, every sound,
 How much we love thee none can tell.

Reminiscence

Heavily roll the billows of Time, and a spirit of unchanged restlessness wears on one, far into the wee hours. In the stillness of night comes floating in at my open window, soft strains of sweetest music, breathing rest, soothing, peaceful rest, giving hope and strength for another day's encounter with the staid battle of practical life.

Then fades the Present into nothingness ; and for the Future I have no thought ; but like a vision from Heaven, pure and bright come scenes of bygone years, when I, a child,—a link in an unbroken chain about the hearthstone of the old home—with heart filled with the love and joys of free, unfettered country life, yet thrilled and shaded by the existence of cruel war, in our own hitherto peaceful land. Sorrow, because of brave ones who had given their lives in defense of the Stars and Stripes and on battle field were lying—many in vile prison pens suffering thirst and famine, while bereaved wives and fatherless little

ones were left to the mercy of the world. All for sweet freedom's sake, that the cursed shackles of slavery might be broken—America made free, and the stain of soul traffic be forever wiped from our national banner. Then comes before me that perfect May morn that brought to our home the news of Chancellorsville battle. * * *

Peace and War

How balmy and pure the country air !
How lovely the forest trees !
The fragrance of many flowers rare
Is wafted on every breeze.
The vine in the trellis creeps round to sip
From the bud, his grace has won
The sparkling dew-drop on her lip,
O'erlooked by the ardent sun.
The hour of noon draws near,
Work done and with health blest
Father and mother on the porch appear,
To enjoy the morning rest.
Not merry, but with faces grave,
And far-a-way look of the eye,
Their thoughts are of many soldiers brave,
Who on battle field must lie.
Now mother's gentle voice I hear,
So sweetly soft and mild,
" This dreadful suspense I scarce can bear
So anxious am I for my child ;

Precious moments, how they fly !

Who can tell where they go ?

I must write my boy, ere the day goes by,

He longs for home news, I know."

In accent tender I hear father say,

" 'There's news of great loss of life

From Chancellorsville battle of yesterday,

But we'll hope for the best, dear wife,

Our 'Twenty-seventh' was in the strife,

In thickest of shot and shell,

And destruction of life with them was rife,—

Many brave soldiers fell.

Neighbors' children, as dear as our own,

Have enlisted for the right ;

Many in our home well-known,

Brave, honorable and bright.

And *other* hearts are heavy to-day

In uncertainty, hope and fear.

I trust this beautiful morn in May

Brings news of loved ones dear.

To the homes of dear ones bereft,

My heart in sympathy goes out.

To such, not even suspense is left,

Not a cherished hope or doubt.

Since the loss of your brother, Lieut. Reed,
In beginning of the war,
More anxious are we, and good news need,
For our hearts indeed are sore."

Hark ! Old Cato's bark is heard—
Some one comes, a horseman I see,
Up the long lane, as swift as a bird,
A telegram it must be.
Messenger alights, approaches the gate,
Hands envelope—I see father start
As hurriedly he reads, and would know the fate
Of his boy, though it saddens his heart.
"Capt. wounded, and in hospital," the message
read,
"Fell in thickest of the fray,
While gallantly Company C he led
In battle of yesterday.
Many are wounded and dead,"
So wired this comrade of brother.
"I must go to Josiah," my father said,
"Would it not be best, dear mother?"
"Yes, it shall be as you say,
Go to our boy, brave and true,
While at home each moment mother will pray
Our Savior to bring him safe through.

With your care all will be well,
And written in your own happy way
Letters to loved ones at home will tell
How our wounded improve each day.''

“ Much am I needed here, I know,
To oversee work just begun,
But the good man, David, though slow,
Will see that all is well done.
The boys are young, though tall,
Are manly, and a help will be,
So in your care I leave all
From farm, to babe on your knee.
The girls your burden will lighten
By helping here and there,
And my hours among strangers brighten,
Knowing you have good care.
Edwin is young, loyal and brave,
Enthused at sound of drum and fife,
His country to serve has an innate crave
And longs for army life.
'A call for three hundred thousand more,'
He said to me this morning,
'I'll not be satisfied till a taste of the war
I've had ;' and keenly my heart felt the warn-
ing.

I impress upon him how much you will need
His help while father's away,
Your kind entreaty I trust he will heed
And at home for a while will stay.

“ I'll order the man to get up the hack,
Then for the babe will care,
While you the leather trunk may pack
That stands by the door of the stair ;
Edwin will take me to the train,
You and little Carrie go, too,
Edistina, Gertrude and Worth remain
In charge of the younger crew ;
Mary, Flora, Mattie and Frank,
What a living string of pearls.
Our Father in heaven each day I thank
For these precious boys and girls.
Now a kiss for each, and good-bye all,
Be indulgent and true to mother,
Obey her every wish and call,
And be courteous and kind to each other.”

Far down behind the tree top
Sinks the sun to rest,
And night's protecting wings low drop
To hover the old home nest.

As the blinds I close and lamps light
I hear a little voice say,
“How strange it seems—now ’tis night,
To have dear father away.”

* * * * *

“Georgetown Hospital, near Washington, D. C.,
This pleasant morn in May,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three,
Will write you a letter to-day.
This building, once a seminary noted,
And within its classic walls
Fair forms, bright minds and hearts devoted
With sunshine filled the spacious halls ;
Love, too, dwelt here, within a heart
As true and loyal as that of her own
Gallant hero, who with her took part
In an elopement, to the world well known.

“Second floor, on cot clean and white,
Our soldier boy I found,
Sick, weakened, yet hopefully bright,
Suffering pangs of minnie-ball wound.
His face beamed a welcome, warm and true,
As cordially my hand he grasped ;
While I nearer the bedside drew

And the other in mine held fast.
Then all about home so dear,
Many questions he had to ask,
My answers seemed his heart to cheer,
For me 'twas a pleasant task.
'It is good,' he said, 'to have father here,
The hours pass rapidly by,
That otherwise would prove most drear,
While on this bed of pain I lie.
Now all is so peacefully still
After the roar and rattle
Of May third, at Chancellorsville,
The day of our hard-fought battle.
Thoughts of the brave boys crowd my mind
Who fell amidst clamor and din,
All to the front, none dropped behind,
Now rank and file are thin.
Some on cots near by are lying,
Almost of life bereft,
Others on battle-field lay dying
Where I—wounded—for a time was left.
Company C, Twenty-seventh Regiment,
Second Brigade and Twelfth Army Corps,
Numbering forty-one—into battle went
And proudly their honored colors bore.

Bravely they fought—the carnage was great—
And flag all tattered and torn.
Of the forty-one, dead and wounded twenty-
eight—

My heart aches for the kindred who mourn.
Lieutenant Furgerson, brave and true,
Now commanding Company C—
As valiant a soldier as ever breath drew,
To the boys' hearts holds the key.
A loyal good soldier is E. T. Brown,
Brave, manly and sedate ;
From northern part of the state came down
To share with us our fate.
You ask if I can recall or not
What occurred that bloody day ;
The first I remember, after being shot,
Was the moans of comrades, and carried away
To third corps field hospital, in deep ravine
Near Chancellorsville, was taken,
Where, extracted from limb, was the ball you've
seen ;
By that time was pretty well shaken.
Then to hospital U. S. Ford was sent,
But shelled from there next morning ;
That evening again occupied the same tent,
All fear of the enemy scorning.

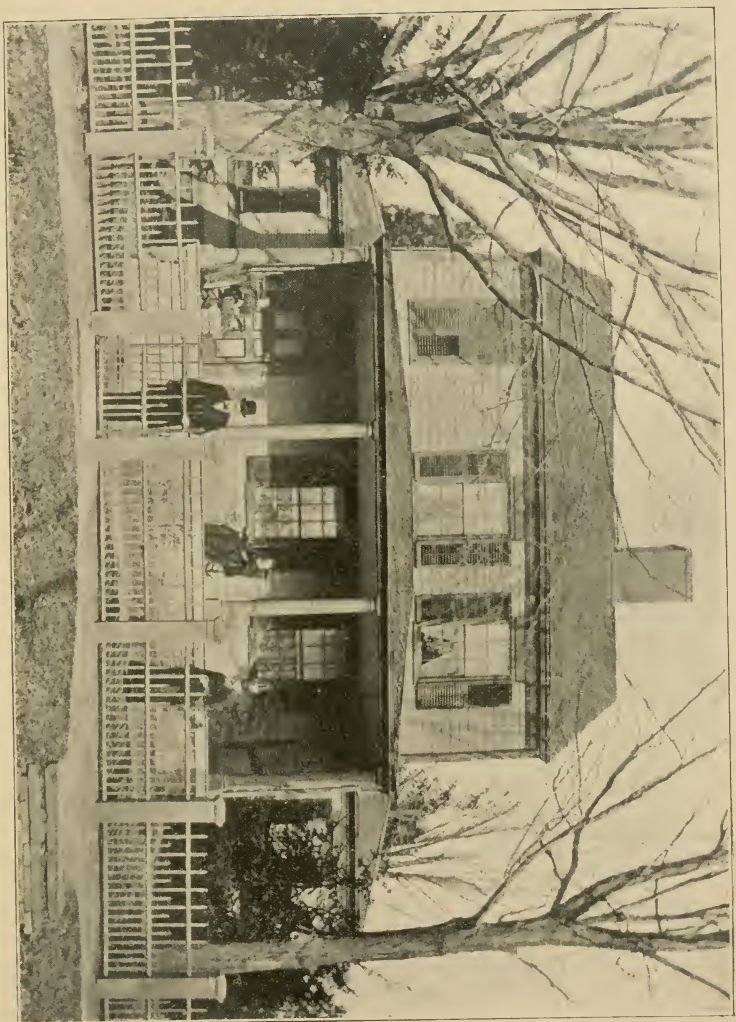
Then to Falmouth—twenty miles away—
Where on freight car floors were laid ;
To Acquia creek landing taken next day,
Then other changes made :
On board boat for Washington,
Then to Georgetown, Maryland hospital.
All for the best—that could be—was done,
And now am comparatively comfortable.
Wound serious and causing pain,
Yet, with quiet and good care,
Hope soon lost strength to gain,
And more able the ills of life to bear.
Lame for a time, of course, will be,
Awhile on crutch must go ;
Hope soon mother and home to see,
Will be granted a furlough, you know.'

“Was pleased your missive to receive,
And will answer right away.
Our son convalescent, and we leave
For the East in another day.
A letter from father, with special request
That we visit him, ere we return
To the home nest, far out West,
And to see his dear face, I yearn.

So, soon in New York shall be,
Will take the morning train,
Am anxious all at home to see,
So shall not long remain.
President Lincoln and kindly wife
At hospital called to-day,
Most sympathetic, though full of life,
Greeting all in a cheerful way.
'How faring, my son?' with grasp of the hand,
Then pleasing stories related.
A man true and grand is at head of our land,
By voice of the people instated.
Your good report is like you,
Cheering, hopeful and bright.
In care of a Providence kind and true
I felt that all would be right.
My eyes are growing weary
And not very good the light,
So lest my letter seems dreary,
Will close, love to all—good-night."

"On loved Hudson's banks,
Like an emerald in diamond setting
Bright and fairest, Poughkeepsie ranks,
Her good citizens abetting.

The glory of her purple hills,
 How picturesquely grand,
The melody of rippling rills,
 That flow through wooded land.
Scenes of youth to my heart most dear,
 Yet how changed all seems ;
Mother's saint-like face not here,
 I see it only in dreams.
Devoted father with whitened hair,
 And form more bent by years,
The loss of companionship hard to bear,
 Eyes heavy with unshed tears.
Down the misty lane of years bygone,
 Through the temple gate I see
Loved shadowy forms passing on
 Who long have waited for me.
The sad things of life I must not write
 But will my time employ
Sending rays of sunshine bright,
 To fill your heart with joy.
On Hyde Park road, the old home stands,
 As in days gone by,
On daisy dotted meadow lands,
 Beneath the azure sky.



BOYHOOD HOME, ON HUDSON,

Erected about 1825.

Brother Orren, and worthy wife
Gave us a royal welcome,
And little ones, so full of life,
Are joyous, bright and winsome.
In my sister's home across the way,
Nothing is left undone
That tends to the comfort, from day to day,
Of myself and wounded son.
Belinda—favored child—lives near,
Fair queen of her own fireside,
With husband fond, and little ones dear,
A devoted, loving mother's pride.
At "Buckingham Palace" on Hudson
Were as highly entertained
As though in ancestral halls
Where royalty long has reigned.

"We indoor pleasure this morn forsook
For a most delightful ride
To 'Morse Place,' a shady nook,
Close by the river side.
On rustic seat, beneath broad elm
With warbling birds o'erhead,
We viewed the mighty, wondrous realm,
By sweetest inspiration fed.

There is within my heart innate
That grows with the coming years,
A fond affection for native state,
Pathetic as a mother's tears.
Full twenty years or more have flown
Since my visit here with you,
And the baby boy to manhood grown,
Then most every one I knew.
The passing years many changes make,
And friends are scattered here and there.
How I would like, for old times' sake,
To meet all again while here !
An hour or two was pleased to spend
With one in boyhood well known,
Benson J. Lossing, school-mate and friend,
Now ascending the literary throne.
In his present work am much interested,
'Field-book' of the war—
'Tis time and talent well invested,
And will be known in library lore.
* * * * *
Being now erected of which all are proud
And ere long will be known to fame,
Is the young ladies' college, by Vassar endowed,
Much credit due his name.

To Eastman's place, then College Hill,
From where the view is grand,
Picturesque Hudson, how it makes my heart thrill,
Beauteous scenes of native land.
Have much enjoyed my visit here,
But soon loved friends must leave,
Glad to be with you, to lighten your care,
But to part with dear father I grieve.
The bowed head, with whitened hair,
Faltering step, and feeble voice of love,
Touches my heart—'tis our last meeting here,
The next—in the home above.
A kiss for the babe—bright little elf—
How her face I long to see,
With love to all, much for yourself,
Hope soon at home to be."

Fair May has gone, with the spring days flown,
June in gay dress is here;
Half-opened buds, and rose in full bloom,
With fragrance fills the air.
In effulgent glory shines the sun,
On sweet scented grass newly mown,
The jas'mine vine its work has well done,
All over the window grown.

In larch near by a dove on the nest
 Guards little ones from all harm,
While mother cuddles the babe to her breast,
 In this peaceful home—on the farm.
Birds about the honey-suckle humming,
 With radiant light, on beautiful crest,
To-day, all Nature, in dress most becoming,
 Welcome the absent to home and rest.

Again old Cato's bark is heard,
 It causes—this time—no pain.
Every heart on the place with joy is stirred,
 As the horses prance up the lane.
The little ones wild with childish delight,
 “‘They are coming now,’” they call,
Then run to meet them, cheering with might,—
 How happy are one and all.
Yes, father and brother are home again,
 We meet them at the stile.
The weeks past have dreary been,
 And seemingly long the while.

“‘Am happy to be anchored again, dear wife,
 In this longed-for haven of rest ;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like life
 In the old way pleases me best.”

“And my soldier boy, how is he?”

“Doing nicely, mother; a wee bit lame,
Trusting soon all right will be;
This hobbling about is tame.”

“What joy again each face to see,
Please now step inside,
For tired enough I know you must be,
After so long a ride.
Yes, all are well, and to me been true,
The farm work honestly done,
But home has been lonely without you,
And longed for the absent one.”

Neighbors from far and near drop in,
About kindred and friends to inquire,
How Hamilton, Thad and Sammy have been,
And how Johnny and Louis stood fire.
If Warren, Marvin and George are well?
Will, Anson and Ed,
Grig, Henry and Gabriel.
Then sadly spoke of the dead,
Who at Cedar Mountain fell,
The loyal blood for freedom shed,
Their country's cause served well.

And anguish of hearts that bled!
Those who the loss of dear ones mourn,
Some little comfort find
In endearing message to them borne
By their comrade, true and kind.
Nothing but praise for all he said,
And to merit it, too, they strove,
Never soldiers more brave were by officer led,
Than Twenty-seventh Indiana, gallant Col-
grove.

First Lieutenant, Company "I," Whitfield Reed,
Whose heart with truest valor thrilled,
Loyal to country in word and deed,
Was at Cedar Mountain killed.
Other brave lives were lost in the struggle,
Some, am sure, you all well know :
Abraham Swartz, Henry Lewis, Dave Tuggle,
And the little orphan—Tommy Deveraux.

First in regiment at Antietam killed
Was Robert Good, of Putnamville,
Brave soldier, well drilled,
Blessed with ardor and good will.
Walter Logan at Berryville died,
There in churchyard buried,
Wrapped in the flag—by comrades true and tried
To his last resting place was carried.

Three boys in blue I long to see,
Who have a warm place in my heart,
Strangers they were, yet true to me,
Acting the Christian heroes' part.
Passing that way, while helpless I lay,
Leaves and grass about me burning,
Bore me away, scorning all pay,
But gems in their crowns were earning.
Lucky I was their names to get,
In memoranda have each man,
Thank God ! for the friends on battle-field met.
Will see them again, if I can.
Comrade Joe Sellers proved himself true,
By doing a friendly act.
When ambulance near the hospital drew,
And my limb with pain was racked,
Gently as a mother for her child would care,
He carried me helpless and lame
From ambulance to hospital—where
In manner I was laid the same.
Lieutenant Hamrick gallantly fell,
While leading Company A,
Cruelly struck by enemy's shell,
On battle-field passed away.

Johnny McMains of Company I,
Killed by the same fatal shell,
Died as brave, true soldiers die,
His country having served well.
Cap. Holloway and Lieutenant Chapin
Went through without a scratch,
Fought the "Johnnies" amid the din,
Proving themselves their match.
Colonel Morrison is here,
A loyal, true hearted man,
In manner mild and sincere ;
Will see him when I can.
Cap. Nance is home you know,
And doing well they say ;
Would like to meet him ere I go,
Hope he may come this way.

" Captain, we are pleased to have met you
And gladly would longer stay,
But best to go now, lest you overdo
After the wearisome journey to-day ;
Trust soon quite well you will be ;
Hope our visit has done no wrong ;
Now and then will drop in to see
How you are ' getting along.' "

"Am happy to have met you, friends.

Many years each one have known,
Come in again ere my furlough ends,
Of thirty days—two weeks have flown
Now, with health almost restored,
Soon to the front shall go—
Hope regiment to join at Kelley's Ford
Where the clear blue waters flow."

The rays of light from Luna bright
Keep watch o'er the home on the hill,
While the soothing quiet of a summer's night
Brings *rest*—and all is still.

KILLED AND WOUNDED OF COMPANY "I," TWENTY-
SEVENTH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.

Capt. Tighlman Nance, wounded at Cedar Mountain, Va.
Lieut. George Whitfield Reed, killed at Cedar Mountain
August 9, 1862.

Thomas Deveraux, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

William Delahunt, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

George D. Martin, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

John Martin, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

Henry Lewis, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

David Tuggle, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

Abraham Swartz, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

Walter Logan, died and buried at Berryville Churchyard, Va.

James Grimes, died at Strasburgh, Va.

Daniel Riley, died at Darnstown, Md.

Robert Good, first killed at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Thomas Faith, killed at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

John Hussey, killed at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Carmer Nunem, killed at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

James Hall, wounded at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Louis Dreher, wounded at battle Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Henry B. Thomas, died at Maryland Heights in Lieut.

Williams' tent just after battle of Antietam.

John P. Beard, killed at Chancellorsville battle.

Thomas J. Dodson, killed at Chancellorsville battle.

Barton McDonald, killed at Chancellorsville battle.

John McMains, killed by a shell at Chancellorsville.

Joseph W. Smith, killed at Chancellorsville.

Warren Perry, wounded at Chancellorsville.

Joseph Gilmore, killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Ira Hunt, wounded at Gettysburg, died in hospital at York, Pa.

Lieut. George Chapin, killed at Resaca, Georgia.

Joseph Sellers, wounded, and limb amputated at New Hope Church, Georgia, June 25, 1864.

Hamilton Asher, wounded at New Hope Church, died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.

John Patrick, wounded at New Hope Church.

James Bradshaw, killed at Peach Tree Creek battle.

Manford Kutch, found nearest the enemy—dead.

Anson Clark, killed at Winchester, first battle of the Twenty-seventh Regiment—May 25, 1862.

NAMES OF THE SOLDIERS WHO CARRIED THE WOUNDED
CAPTAIN FROM THE BURNING BATTLE-FIELD.

R. N. D. Erdfield, Co. G, 14th Connecticut, 3d Brigade,
2d Corps.

Lewis Muta, 12th New Jersey, 3d Brigade, 2d Corps.

Garret Abers, General Berry's Brigade, 3d Corps.

Enlisted

I dislike to turn my back on the old home door,
But at my country's call must away,
'The boys all 'round are enlisting by the score,
And I added my name to the list to-day.
Am young, I know, not yet eighteen,
Though in size almost a man,
Many not older than I are seen
Bravely stepping to the van.

Jimmy Layman is captain, our colonel John
Mahan,
And most of the boys I well know,
All are brave and true, and every one who can
Should in honor of our flag be glad to go.
In the same good troop is friend Tommy Hanna,
My chum Ransom Hawley, too, is there,
All proud of Company C, Hundred and Fifteen
Indiana,
And hope in the glory of battle to share.

On the farm I remained while you were from
home,
As you kindly requested me to do.
Now with the "boys in blue" awhile would like
to roam,
With my Enfield rifle, bright and new.
I know you must be thinking of my uncle who
went,
Fought at Cedar Mountain, and bright laurels
won ;
But his life went out, by a bullet straight sent
From the enemy's deadly gun.

On the bright side I look, and am willing to
chance
Army life for the good I may do,
Though bullets fly fast, and sharp be the lance,
Hope again to return to you.
Am pleased that you your consent have given,
Without it would not like to go,
To obey your wish have always striven,
How favorably, you best know.

To Camp Morton soon we shall go,
How long to remain can not say ;
Trust orders to the front may not be slow,
In camp do not care long to stay.

The word good-bye is a sad one to me,
Overflowing with tears and sorrow,
So will quietly go from home, you see,
As though coming again to morrow.

Please, father, often write your soldier boy Ed,
Regiment One Hundred and Fifteen,
Care of Company C, all will be read
And marked with interest keen.
With a grasp of the hand must now part with
you,
And many kind wishes for all,
Three cheers for our flag, the Red, White and
Blue,
That ever must wave and not a star fall.

Tribute

L., C. & G.

The shadows lengthen—twilight hour is near,
Peacefully still, for the worries of day are o'er,
Dreamily, in fancy sweet, can almost hear
Loved voices from the other shore.
Along memory's pathway familiar forms I see
Wearing the army blue,
Stalwart, manly brothers, three ;
Honored soldiers, brave and true.
Two are cavalry, " Regiment Four,"
In letters golden, on becoming cap,
The other, infantry uniform wore,
Company " I," Twenty-seventh, lieutenant
strap.
Like father and mother, so are they
True Christians, by all esteemed,
Peace-loving, and for sweet peace pray,
While patriotic fire in each face beamed.
Standing by the banner, because of the right,
Bravely facing fire and shell,
Wincing not in thickest of fight,
Though comrades brave around them fell.

On cot of pain and fever lay
One of cavalry—"Regiment Four";
While in home far away loved ones pray
That God his health may restore.
But angels near close vigil keep
O'er earth's jewels rare,
And brightest for the kingdom reap
That they their joys may share.
Heaven rejoices in the new gem found,
But hearts in the home far away,
Cruelly crushed, and in sorrow drowned,
Faithfully the will of the Master obey.

Timidly wild flowers are peeping
Through grass and creeping vine,
Hep, hep, boys in blue are keeping
Step with comrades along the line.
Sweetly the song of mocking-bird
'Neath southland's dreamy sky
Mingles with martial music heard
From Union band near by.
As gentle as touch of baby's hand
On loving mother's mouth,
The balmy breeze of sunny land
Kisses tanned brow of North and South.

O'er rugged ridges, into valleys deep—
Through forest picturesque and grand,
Men worn, weary, and bereft of sleep,
Follow the colors of Freedom's Land.
Violent the storm, wildly the wind lashes,
From black cloud peals the thunder,
Vivid lightning blinds and flashes
The Earth almost asunder.
Still on they plod, with commander true,
Sherman the loyal and brave,
Following their banner, the Red, White and
Blue,
To victory, death and the grave,
After the storm, bright dawns the day,
In the land of magnolia and palm—
From rain-kissed flowers the sun's warm ray
Brings forth Eden's balm.
Now on rolling meadows green,
Of waving grass and clover,
Warfare on every hand is seen,
Dotting the country over.

One with ease, and military mien,
Approaches, salutes and with officer speaks.
Recent sorrow lingers in the face serene,
One dear to his heart he seeks.

“ In camp near by a dear brother have I,
Who for a time have longed to see.
One have seen in hospital die,
Now are two, where once were three.”
Permission granted, but at bugle sound
Report, for battle is pending.
Promptly in place, be on ground,
God alone knows the ending.

No time losing, soon on way speeding
To greet loved brother, the sore heart yearns.
Hark the bugle! its call quickly heeding
Whirls and to regiment returns.

Low and dark the war-cloud hung
O'er Resaca's peaceful hamlet.
Hearts with sorrow are torn, birds songs—
unsung,
The blue and gray—have met.

Fatally wounded was the brave lieutenant,
Who infantry uniform wore.
To Chattanooga from field was sent,
There died—brother of “ Two in Cavalry
Four.”

Again sore grief wings its flight
To the loyal home far away,
Swooping down like the gloom of night
Over the fair May day.
With all the teachings of ages,
By scholarly men of old,
Not in the great library of pages
Is there a language enrolled,
In which the sorrows of the heart can be told.

Home are marching the boys in blue,
Peace declared, and all is well ;
Heart aches and tears for the brave and true
Who lie buried where they fell.
Alone comes one, where were brothers three
At beginning of the war,
In letters golden on cap I see
Indiana Cavalry " Regiment *Four*."

We meet them now with whitened hair,
" Our boys " of " sixty-one,"
Who proudly still their colors bear
In badge, for noble service done.

At Resaca

“With regiment in battle, I can not lurk behind,”
Spoke Chaplain Springer—Wisconsin Third.
A loyal Christian, of heroic mind,
And heart with patriotic fire stirred.
Being well skilled in military tact,
For a musket to captain applied ;
Was told as lieutenant in company to act,
Did so, was wounded, and in hospital died.

Only a few rods from the blue,
Cold in death on battle-field lay,
Each to their own convictions true,
Chaplain and captain—father and son
Wearing Confederate gray.

Pleading of the Leaves

The leaves are pleading with the breeze,
List to what they say:
From swaying branch and bending trees,
Oh ! waft us not away.
Cold and dreary is the ground,
Be more tender, pray.
Frightful is your roaring sound,
Oh ! waft us not away.

For ever near the warm blue sky,
And sun's bright, cheerful ray,
We fain would be, do hear our cry
And waft us not away.
We twist and curl, in the air whirl,
At your rollicking, boisterous play,
Startle and tremble like a timid girl,
Oh ! waft us not away.

On the ground we roll, are swept in a hole,
On a stormy, windy day,
And suffer the torment of an unsaved soul,
Oh ! waft us not away.
Only a moment's pleasure you gain,
Will it your time repay?
Joy gotten by pain can not long remain,
Oh ! waft us not away.

Echoes of the Past

On Deer Creek's banks, where the rushes grow,
Where violets bloom and fireflies glow,
There to a quiet shady nook,
Ofttimes I would take my book,
And in meditation sweet
Dream the hours away.

While on my ear like music fell,
The distant tinkle of the old cow bell,
As kine, in peaceful quiet fed
On blooming clover, white and red,
From the silvery rays of early dawn
To dew drops' glistening glow.

Where birds from bush to bush would flit,
And squirrels on low branches sit,
Fearless, happy and bold were they,
For the huntsman seldom came that way,
And their precious lives quite as safe
As though guarded by the king's own.



FARM BELL,
Still hangs, as for forty years.

Adown this stream, picturesque and wild,
With playmates I wandered, a joyous, happy
child,

Gathering wild flowers, pebbles and shell,
Till the silvery notes of the old farm bell,
Familiar, sweet and clear,
Homeward turned our faces.

Where a gentle, loving, anxious mother,
Father kind, and manly brother,
Our tardy return awaited,
Wondering why the tots were so belated,
And around the well-filled table
Soon each one was seated.

Near Putnamville, beneath the hill,
Stood the Williams old-time mill,
With flowing dam and o'er-shot wheel
Year after year run with zeal,
By honest men, as millers well known,
The first I remember being Stone.

For many years the wheel went round,
And good grist for neighbors ground ;
But weary at last of loads of grain,
And weakened by the ceaseless rain,

One stormy night was heard great roaring,
The grand old mill had lost its mooring,
And adown the stream went dashing ;
Above the roar was heard a crashing,
And the good mill was no more.

Never again did we cross the sill
Of the door of the grand old mill ;
For in pieces scattered, it lay at rest,
On the low ground in a mammoth nest
Of driftwood, rock and sand,
So peaceful, and *so still*.



OLD MILL ON DEER CREEK,
Now no more.

Little Irene Cooper

What pretty toddler comes this way?
Pet of the neighborhood, people say,
“ I’m papa’s little Irene,” quoth she,
“ Every one in town knows me.
Don’t you know papa—he’s a good man,
And brings me candy when he can ;
Takes me riding sometimes, too,
Always comes home ’fore I’m through.
Says he’s tired and wants to rest,
Well, he’s my papa, and I guess knows best.”
Red cloak, red hood and shoes of leather,
What cares Irene for the weather.
Warm or cold it matters not,
Along comes this little tot
To the corner store, by mamma sent,
Or meat market on errand bent.
“ Going to Brownings’ did you say ?
Wait a minute—I’m going that way.”
Laughing, singing, speaking to all,
What cares she whether large or small.
All are *her* friends she knows full well,
And to each her secrets tell.

“ I have a little baby brother,
He don't like me as well as mother ;
Would like to carry him all around,
Mamma says I'd spill him on the ground,
And that would not do at all
To let so sweet a cherub fall.
Oh, how much I like the snow,
Wonder what does make it grow ;
And why in summer it does not come,
Am sure I would then best like some.
Oh, how funny to see the man sweep
Snow from the wagon top, all in a heap ;
Down it goes with a thump,
Think it would hurt to get such a bump.
Yes, I go this way, you go that.
Here comes pretty kitty cat ;
She will go along with me,
So I shall not be alone, you see.”
Dear little sweetheart, cheerful and bright,
In her home a shining light ;
And the dearest and sweetest little girl I know
Is baby Irene, who loves the snow.

The Tramp's Lament

Out in the darkness of the night,
In sadness I wander alone ;
In all the world there's not a light,
Not a home I call my own.
Sick, helpless and forsaken,
Thus early in life am I,
By wretched poverty o'ertaken,
Pray, Father, let me die.

You who in loved homes abide,
By Christian parents taught,
Know not the sorrows that betide
A soul with heaviest burdens fraught.
A mother's prayer I oft have heard,
And now so long to hear ;
Her kindly look, her gentle word
This aching heart would cheer.

But God has claimed His own,
And earth a jewel lost ;
While this poor heart lives on alone,
All broken and tempest-tossed.

Oh ! How my life backward turns,
And for childhood's days I long ;
How my heart within me yearns
For the dear, loved cradle song.

And when I lay me down at night,
On the lap of mother earth,
To dream of home and fires bright,
Of warm and glowing hearth,
I would that I could sleep on,
And life in a dream pass away,
No heart to make sad, when gone.
Then take me, dear Father, I pray.

Tears in the Heart

There are times when the feet grow weary,
There are times when the heart is sore,
When all is so dark and dreary,
And the burdens of life we deplore.

If the tears of the heart could as easily flow
As the tears from out the eyes,
It would, in part, lessen our woe,
But still would remain the sighs.

God, alone, knows the grief of the heart,
And the *cause* of the tears that flow ;
Then to Him all thy sorrow impart,
And leave thy burden of woe.

Mother and Home

In a land far away from kindred dear,
Sad and weary a poor boy lay,
Who nobly from home had gone without fear,
Into the world to make his way.
For a time all went well, then came reverse,
Yet bravely he struggled on,
Till, poor in health, as well as in purse,
He felt that all hope was gone.

Then he thought of loved mother,
Who turned down the cover,
For her own tired boy at home,
And he thought of dear father,
Little sister and brother,
And resolved no longer to roam.

So to earth's dearest spot his footsteps turned,
And happy was his lot,
For many a dark hour his heart had yearned
To be again in that humble cot.

Low down hangs the latch string,
As in days of yore,
A moment his fingers tenderly cling,
Then gently swings wide the door.
The glowing fire on the hearth,
And kettle on the crane,
With sweetest song, of joy and mirth,
Welcome him to home neat and plain.

Loved ones about the old fireplace
Arise, their guest to greet,
And meet the dear, familiar face
In manner kindly sweet.
A boy's best love is his mother,
How ever far he may roam,
He can not forget the turned cover
In the snug little room at home.
Socks neatly darned, turned in at the heel,
Oh, that was dear mother's own work,
Slip on the foot, as smooth as an eel
And never go on with a jerk.

Blessings

King and Queen are Frank and Ollie,
In their home upon the hill,
One wee girl, and boys so jolly,
Their hearts with pleasure thrill.
Tho' at times unruly their subjects appear,
Quite devoted are King and Queen;
Day by day they grow more dear,
'Twill always be so I ween.

Harry with eyes like the darkness of night,
Lit up by bright shining stars,
Deep within a flashing light
That would startle the warlike Mars.
George, a mischief-loving boy,
With eyes of heaven's own blue,
His cunning ways we all enjoy,
And sayings, quaint and new.

Together these two are a noisy crew,
And bright and happy are they,
More joyous tads I never knew,
When left to their own sweet way.

Twins in the cradle, are sister and brother,
Eyes of hazel and "Forget-me-not" blue,
Idols of a patient, loving mother,
Whose moments of leisure are few.

On a gladsome Easter morn,
By angels from above,
These precious jewels bright were borne
Into this home of love.
Fitting emblems of the day
Of the new life given,
While bells ring and choirs sing
Praise to God in Heaven.

From this chain one link we miss,
Baby Leland, George's twin brother,
Whose mission in this world was bliss,
A greater he has in another.
So this dearest blessing given
Back to heaven found its way,
And now before the Master's throne,
In baby way, pleads for loved ones to-day.

Dreamy Hours

I sit in the open door to-night,
Of my lonely home out West,
Before my eye is a vision bright,
Of one now gone to rest.
All about the house I hear
Sweet music, soft and low,
My darling baby boy so fair,
Is with me to-night, I know.

I hear a voice so soft and sweet,
I see a little white hand,
And far away I see a street
That leads to the "Better Land."
The voice calls "Mamma, come with me,"
The little hand beckons me on,
A celestial home for me I see
When life on earth is done.

Darling Petty, thy voice I hear,
Singing the "Beautiful Land;"
A little while and I'll be there,
Saved by thy baby hand.

In spirit, darling, oft thou wilt come,
 The truth I feel and know,
 To meet me in my earthly home
 Till I to thee may go.

Though angel whispers ever tell
 Of a land more fair than this,
 Where a father kind doth all things well,
 Where there is eternal bliss,
 I scarce can find it in my heart
 To say "Thy will be done,"
 Thou wast so of my life a part—
 I am lonely, thou art gone.

Little happy heart, farewell,
 Our home is sad to-night,
 Christ hath taken thee to dwell
 With Him in realms of light,
 Where, in heavenly bowers,
 My beautiful spirit boy
 Whiles away the happy hours
 In endless love and joy.

October

Zephyrs whisper through the trees,
Loving words to dying leaves ;
Like mournful music is the sound,
Rustling, falling to the ground.
Mellow sunlight on the wall,
A quiet sadness over all ;
All speak of clouds o'er bright lives cast,
Of happy days too sweet to last,
Of lovely flowers in one night
Plucked by the frost, gone from sight,
To never more sweet fragrance shed
O'er homes of the living, or tombs of the
dead.

Of bright blue eyes now closed in death,
Of baby lips bereft of breath,
Of a little heart that knows no thrill ;
Of an angel voice, forever still,
Of a precious life to us given
Four short years, then called to heaven ;
Of a lonely home, never glad,
Of loving hearts forever sad ;
A curly lock of golden hair,
A little vacant willow chair,
Wee blue shoes and unused toy,
All sad reminders of our baby boy.

Longings

Roll back, oh Time, return lost years,
Bring naught but joy and gladness,
No longer is there room for tears,
Our hearts are surged with sadness.
Away the gloom that thou hast wrought,
It finds no welcome here,
And all the trials that life has brought
Will vanish with loved ones near.

Then bring, O Time, the loved ones near,
Whom thou for years hast hidden ;
Their kindly voices we long to hear,
But sorrow—that is forbidden.
For loved father and mother, dear,
Arm chairs by the fireside place,
Grandparents, too, we would have here,
And “ Uncle Whit’s ” familiar face.

Dear Carrie, Edwin and little brother,
Baby Ralph, with face so sweet ;
And oh, ye years ! there’s yet another
Ere this circle be complete :

Darling "Petty" in the willow chair
Will sit at grandma's feet ;
While she, with hands on golden hair,
Will the story of little Samuel repeat.

Father will kind counsel give,
And a wealth of wisdom impart,
Teaching his children the way to live
Is with pure and honest heart.
Then grandpa, as in days of old,
Face radiant with glory,
The Bible in loved hands will hold,
And read the "Old, old story."

This Blessed Book must be our guide ;
For true is the promise given,
If by its teachings we abide,
Our heritage is heaven.
Then bring, O Years, the loved ones dear,
Whom Time so long hast hidden ;
Their kindly voices we long to hear,
But sorrow—*that is forbidden.*

Hours of Happiness

Out in the early morn,
 Ere the sun begins to peep
Above the lofty tree tops,
 And you are fast asleep.
Taking to pasture the cows,
 In fair or cloudy weather,
That they may the long day browse
 In harmony together.
Picking up green walnuts,
 Gathering pennyroyal,
Laying up winter store,
 For tillers of the soil.
Making up the beds,
 Clearing off the table,
Doing any honest thing
 These willing hands are able.
Shaking down the apples,
 Then in the pawpaw patch
With now and then a rent in clothes,
 And here and there a scratch.
Plucking life everlasting
 And lovely golden rod,
The beauties of nature are lessons of love,
 Teachings of a personal God.

When flowers and leaves have died,
And winter's blasts are here,
All hover about the fireside
Six months of the year.
This, my worthy husband,
Is my life upon the farm,
And though I may not do much good,
I trust I do no harm.
I know I'm but an atom,
Upon this great round earth,
Just a child of nature
From very hour of birth.
The hoot of the owl,
Coo of the dove,
And notes of the whip-poor-will
Are sounds that I love.
While the songs of birds
Are to me *more* than words.
The metre of my song
Is both short and long,
Tho' better it might be,
Surely nothing *very* wrong.
This, my lord and master,
Is a letter from your wife,
Giving you an outline
Of free country life.

Bonita Way

As a sunbeam sparkling bright
Is darling Nita Way,
You'll conceive that I'm quite right
If by chance you meet to-day,
Like rippling water is her hair,
Full of sunlight gleaming,
Heaven-blue eyes and forehead fair,
Of her I'm ever dreaming.

Her voice is like the music sweet
Of waters softly flowing;
The graceful form, so trim and neat,
And heart with kindness glowing.
Quite enchanting is her way,
Joyful is her laughter,
With heart as light the darkest day,
As the brightest coming after.

Written in Album

Dearest little sister Flo,
What to write I scarcely know.
The sky is dark with many a cloud
And Kansas zephyrs "fearful" loud.
I would not have your life like this,
So dark and stormy, but one of bliss;
A pleasant home, contented mind,
At peace with John and all mankind;
Ever a faithful loving wife,
Making his a happy life.
May he a model husband prove,
Ever worthy of your love.
Lamb and dove-like be his nature,
A dear devoted humble creature;
Man enough to assert his rights,
And always found at home of nights.
Let not the metre of this piece trouble you
And oblige your sister Gertie W.

In Memory of Trolie

Dreamy blue eyes, from a forehead fair,
 Beaming with heavenly light,
Locks of silky golden hair
 In curls, hung day and night.
A lovely angel, by God given,
 To cheer us for awhile,
Then taken home to Heaven.

Acrostic

Calmly, peacefully sleeping, thou
 Angel among the blest,
Rays of light illumine thy brow,
 Rest, loved one, rest.
Infinite is thy joy now,
 Eternal peace and happiness.

Acrostic

Ever strive for truth and right,
Dare the false and wrong to shun;
If thy days be not all bright,
Surely the clouds, one by one,
Time will scatter, till all are gone.
In thy heart be ever cheerful,
Never falter—ne'er despair,
And God will bless thee, everywhere.

Acrostic

Came to this world for joy, not sorrow,
Hopeful ever, bright seems the morrow.
Alike to all, kind and true,
Resolved the right ever to do.
Looking to God for strength and grace,
Only purity seen in thy face,
Telling of the sweet life within,
Telling of goodness, naught of sin,
Eureka's fairest daughter.

Acrostic

Born for sunshine and light,
Onward and upward be thy flight.
Never the wrong encourage or do,
In all thy work the right pursue.
Take the Bible for thy guide
And no ill will thee betide.

Acrostic

Precious little baby boy,
Happy winsome elf,
Innocence without alloy,
Like dear Cupid's self.
In thy heart no guile,
Pure as now ever be,
Giving joy the while.
Rays of sunshine casting
About thee, with thy smile,
Vanish all that's rasping,
Evading all the gall,
Sweetest cherub loved by all.

Sunbeam

As a shining star in a cloudy sky,
Come fond remembrance of a summer gone by
When a modest little maiden,
Like a half-blown rose, with sweetness laden,
Visited our home in the month of June;
Her cheerful presence a gracious boon,
Bringing joy, driving away care,
With a kind act here, and gentle word there,
A beaming ray of glorious sunshine,
Reflecting happiness in this heart of mine,
The cherished bud to a rose full blown
Is little "Dottie" to womanhood grown.

Grandma's Blessing

Like a halo about thy head,
Radiant with heavenly light,
Thy grandmother's dying blessing shed
Glorious beams, all golden bright.
By the hand of thy loving father led
While sore grief surged his breast,
To the peaceful, saint-like, dying bed
Of one we all loved best.

With the glow of heaven upon her face,
Looking up she sweetly smiled,
With soul o'erflowing with God's grace,
Softly whispered, "Bless my child."
By a loving heart, pure and true,
Was to thee this blessing given,
While angels near, nearer drew
To record the act in heaven.

Lighter will seem the cares of life,
And dark clouds disappear,
While much less will be the strife
With this sweetest blessing near.
Minnie—let good works and faithfulness,
In all thy walks be found,
Peace, praise and gratefulness
Within thy heart abound.

Birthday Greeting

(DELIVERED BY CHARLIE)

For you, my little cousins three,
I have these words of greeting,
Kind aunties have done much, you see,
For this birthday meeting.
And a very good plan
I think, don't you?
Is to be as good as we can
And make them happy, too.
Jamie, you to-day are seven,
Lydia almost five, Minnie eleven;
I am five and five again,
Which, you see, makes me ten,—
Some time yet till we are men.
Wishing you many returns of the day
We welcome you to the banquet.

Lydia

Thine eyes first opened to the light
As a bright spirit took its flight
From earthly scenes of love
To joyous realms above.
So like an angel, thou, from heaven,
To thee our *mother's* name was given,
In sweetest memory of one
Whose saint-like life on earth was done.
Ever kind and true to all,
May her mantle on thee fall,
Of peace, good will and charity.
Long be thy life of happiness,
Filled with works of blessedness,
And Lydia, wee lamb of the fold,
At last may *thy* name be enrolled
In the lamb's book of life eternal.

Charlie and Wertie

Two little brothers, sadly bereft
Of a loving father's care,
To struggle on alone, are left
Each other's joys and sorrows to share.

Though far away, ever in mind,
And sincere prayers ascend
That the world to them may prove most kind
And the hand of mercy extend.

Heavenly Father, in Thy care
These little ones we leave,
Believing Thou wilt their burdens bear,
Thy protecting mantle about them weave.

Old-Time Fence

The old-time fence of hickory rail,
That worms its way along the trail,
Is by far a more picturesque sight
Than lines of wire, however bright.
Brier and shrub, that in corners grow,
Believe the same, for they tell me so.

On the Frontier

Far out west went Ned and I,
To a town so small in size
A man of wealth would pass it by,—
In doing so, do wise.
The days were long and dreary,
At times his heart grew sad;
Worried in mind and weary,
What could he do, poor lad?

To Ned the world seemed dark,
The sun behind a cloud,
Adrift on the ocean his barque,
To misfortune he's almost bowed.
When a voice he hears, not far away,
Softly singing the "Rainy Day":
"Be still sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

A change comes o'er his face, and oh!
He startles as one in a dream;
His soliloquy you would like, I know,
Then listen, for this was his theme:

Three times one are three,
Neither more nor less
Numbers my little family,
May God them ever bless.

With thought of wife and boy,
The man again takes heart;
This beautiful world is full of joy,
Why not for me a part?
Thus encouraged he labors on,
Now many years are past;
The sun shines, hard times are gone,
Fortune is Ned's friend at last.
In a larger place out west,
Free from care and strife,
With pleasant home and friends blest,
Ned's is a happy life.

Glory and Sunshine

A little low hut where de grapevine
Hangs ober de doah above,
And all about de windows twine,
Am de deah old home I love.
On de fence am de glories ob de mornin',
Clinin' ober, and windin' 'bout de gate,
Big sunflowers de front gate adornin',
Bloomin' early, bloomin' late.

Hilda in de big chair by de fireside,
Wid little pickaninny in her arms,
As cheery and sweet as when a bride,
Oh ! dem old days had der charms.
Chilluns 'mong de hollyhocks a-playin',
Wid marigolds braided in der hair;
How I'd like down Souf to be stayin',
Rockin' in de big arm-chair.

Me wid de little ones on my knee,
How I love foah dem to care,
In Dixie's land I long to be,
Oh, how I wish I was dere.

Oh, de days ob glory and de sunshine,
Ob dat home I nebber can forget,
Foah in dem days 'twas all mine,
And nebber a board to let.

Now times am hard an' de ole man poah,
Nary roof ob his own ober head ;
An' it's mighty tough a-sleepin' on de little
cabin floah,

Now de pawn shop has de feddah bed.
De magnolia bloom I long to see
An' sniff it in de air,
An' see de orange a-hangin' on de tree,
Den "climb de golden stair."

Then and Now

Steam heat, electric light,
Home hung in holly bright,
All are pleased with the Christmas tree,
But dear old "Santa," where is he?
The good, kind friend, who used to go
With sleigh and reindeer over the snow;
Down the chimney, deep and wide,
To fill little stockings by the fireside.
How lonely now he must be,
Dear old Santa, where *is* he?

Thrashing Machine.

Oh, it comes but once a year,
And that in the summer,
And it comes with a hum, hum, hum;
The days are long and hot,
And hard is the lot
Of the "thrashers" and the people where it comes.
So be of good cheer, it comes but once a year,
And you see it go without regret;
But when it is all over,
Then you are "in clover"
All winter long, so do not fret.

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